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WEARY!

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

I am weary—very weary—
Weary in the light of day;
Weary while God's golden sunshine
Clasps me in its living ray.
While the blue is vast above me,
And the grass green at my feet,
While a thousand forms of beauty
Wheresoe'er I turn I meet.

I am weary—very weary;
Not because my labor fails;
Not because Hope's beacon star-light
In my life's horizon pales;
Not because my life's ambition
Lags behind its end and aim;
Not because my love's fruition
In its raptures growtheth tame.

Yet weary, weary still—
Weary with pleasure,
Weary with trouble,
Weary with leisure.

I am weary—very weary—
Weary of the ill-spent hours;
Of the gilded lies which Folly
Crowns with laurels, decks with flowers;
Good intentions felt—but broken;
Firm resolves—as weak as reeds;
Great achievements planned with labor,
Ever failing in the deeds.

I am weary—very weary,
Of the sorrow that I see;
Of the untold wretchedness,
Of the speechless misery.
Of the grief I cannot comfort,
Of the want I cannot aid,
Of the tearless eyes up-looking,
Which my helplessness upbraid.

Weary at heart,
Weary in spirit;
Sad, vain and aimless
The life we inherit.

I am weary—very weary,
For I feel how little worth—
Worse than vain the petty battles
That we fight upon the earth:
Thinking, planning, and contriving,
Bloodless lips and coward heart
Watch the fabric we have builded,
With consummate, cunning art.
(I am weary—very weary),
Lo! it topples to the ground;
What we have reared with so much cunning
See, its wreck is strewn around!

Crushed to ruins in a moment,
Only dust and ashes there,
So we battle, brains and muscle
Reaping shadows, hoarding care.

I am weary—very weary—
How the daily labor palls;
Hopeless as the Dearth which, Sun-born,
Dew-less on the parched earth falls.
Dull routine which never varies,
Save as night parts day from day,
Which like water, dropping, dropping,
Deadens as it wears away.

I am weary—very weary.
Why this craving at my heart?
Why this ever restless yearning?
Why that shudder and that start?

Is the shadow coming o'er me.
Is the change about to pass?
And my life exhale like vapors,
Or the breath upon the glass?

I am weary—very weary.
Day by day creeps on apace;
That which frosts our raven tresses
Leaves no wrinkles on Time's face.
No! the fight is too unequal—
Immortality 'gainst dust;
Stained our hearts by the rude conflict:
Water brightest steel will rust.

I am weary—very weary,
And would lay the burden down;
I have fought the fight, and tired,
Will not raise the gauntlet thrown.
Unsubdued in will, but wearied—
All my being craves for peace,
For that rest whence sleepers waken,
Where all earthly troubles cease.

ENGLISH OPERA—FRENCH THEATRE.

We are unable to notice the production of Balfe's opera, "The Rose of Castile," as it was produced on Wednesday evening and we go to press Thursday evening. We will notice it in our next. It is to be performed alternately with the "Doctor of Alcantara."

NEW MUSIC STORE IN GENEVA, N. Y.—Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, who has partially recovered from a long illness, which compelled him to abstain from business for many months, has just opened a splendid store in Geneva, New York State. The Geneva *Gazette* gives the following account of the opening occasion:

Mr. Ellis held a reception at his music rooms in Linden Block, on Monday evening, when a large number of our citizens, amateurs and lovers of music, responded to the cards of invitation. The entertainment was most pleasing and satisfactory. Mr. Miles, the unrivaled harpist, was present, and executed in fine style several compositions on his favorite instrument. The young and accomplished daughter of Mr. Ellis sang a number of songs, alternately with piano and harp accompaniments, in a manner that elicited heart-felt applause. Besides these, several amateurs were called out in song—Miss S., Miss K., Mr. V., and an impromptu quartette, the initials of whom shall be nameless. Mrs. Dr. C. performed on the piano with a correctness, rapidity and brilliancy of touch that proved her a perfect mistress of that instrument.

During the evening Mr. Miles was formally presented with a splendid violin, as a token of appreciation of his worth as a musician and gentlemen, from Mr. Ellis. The veteran Gen. Patrick made the presentation speech in a few feeling and fitting words, to which Mr. Miles as appropriately responded. The violin is perhaps the best one in Western New York—held by Mr. Ellis above price, except that of esteem for his friend the donee.

Mr. Ellis has fitted up a suit of rooms in Linden Block in elegant style, Brussels carpets, mahogany furniture, &c.—the walls ornamented with beautiful paintings, and in the evening the rooms brilliantly lighted by chandeliers. His design is to make these apartments the headquarters of our music-loving people, and to secure a social re-union at least once a week of amateurs, for recreative practice. We trust

the design will be cordially responded to; and further, that Mr. Ellis may meet with a patronage deserving his liberality and public spirit.

Mr. Ellis is a pushing and enterprising business man, and will doubtless cause a musical revival in the beautiful little town of Geneva and its vicinity.

FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT OF STEPHEN C. MASSETT (COL. JEEMES PIPES).—Mr. Stephen C. Massett, so universally known in this country, is about to leave for England, to fulfill a brilliant engagement offered him, to deliver his celebrated varied entertainment through that country. His friends in New York have tendered him a farewell compliment, appointing to meet him at Dodworth Hall, 806 Broadway, in full force on Monday evening next, June 18th. The Hall will surely be crowded to overflowing, for Jeemes Pipes has a host of friends and ardent admirers, and, apart from friendship, his varied talents should always be magnetic in their attraction.

There are very few who have essayed the difficult entertainment of the Monologue, who could bring such varied and admirable powers to the task. He has a fine voice, a marked gift of imitation, earnestness of passion, tenderness of sentiment, and a vein of humor, which is irresistibly rich and racy. He has a fine well controlled voice, and his ballad singing is one of the principal charms of his entertainment. With such advantages in his favor, it is not singular that he should be so great a popular favorite.

The programme which he has issued is admirably contrasted and highly interesting. Among the crowded audience assembled there will be many tears shed for poetic woe so eloquently uttered; but laughter, hearty and involuntary, will quickly banish them, and the charm of song will harmonize all feelings into one of genuine and intense pleasure. We hope to see all the friends of our friend Stephen C. Massett rally around him on Monday night next, so that his last memory of New York may be a happy one.

CONCERTS.

CONCERTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. RULIMAN.

We are happy to say, that the concerts given at Irving Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening, were very brilliantly attended. The volunteers on this occasion comprised nearly all the principal artists of the operatic companies of Maretz, Grau, and Grover, presenting an array of vocal talent superior to any ever brought together at one time in this country. There were fifteen or sixteen artists, besides the orchestra and chorus, and the conductors, Maretz, Bergmann, Abella, and Sarti. There were fewer disappointments than is usual at volunteer concerts, the place of Mme. D'Angri being ably supplied by Signor Bellini.

All the artists at the Matinee were very cordially received by the public, and the encores were numerous and unanimous. Miss Kellogg's appearance was the signal for the most enthusiastic reception we have seen accorded to any artist for many years, and it was gratifying to

witness so cordial a greeting of a native artist amid so much foreign talent, which it is the fashion ever to exalt. Her rendition of a lovely ballad, by Wallace, was the occasion of a double encore, well merited and cordially given. Mr. Maretzki was also received with loud and continued plaudits.

All the artists exerted themselves to the best effect on this occasion, and we have rarely heard a performance where the excellence was more general and the satisfaction more complete.

The evening concert for Emil Rullman's benefit was equally well attended with the matinee, and went off to general acceptance.

Mme. Johannsen agreeably surprised that public with the purity and smoothness of her voice and the free graceful execution of German Lieds. In fact to have renewed her vocal youth and sang with all that aplomb which in days past gave her such remarkable popularity.

Signorina Boschetti's voice has better opportunity to please in Irving Hall than in the Academy, as she can produce it more artistically, force it less, and impress the public ear with more gracious tones. Her version of "Una Voce" is not the stereotyped one, but she made it so agreeable that a hearty reward evident purpose to please.

Signor Macaferrari is misplaced in a concert-room so free and true as Irving Hall, and few desired a repeat of his grand aria from "La Juave," given in an exceedingly rough and boisterous style.

Signor Anastasi had more admirers that evening than ever before in this city, as he gave "M'appari tutt' amor" in admirable style, with pure flexible and sufficiently expressive tone, and true intonation. His recall to repeat was both hearty and unanimous, remarkably so.

Signor Orlandini commenced his Donizetti aria rather feebly, as if uncertain of the area he was to fill, but soon came out with excellent effect, not quite equal to his debut in "Il Balen," yet sufficient to prove him a well educated singer, endowed with a really beautiful voice, good taste and style.

Signora Polini's absence was accounted for by illness, and Meyerbeer's grand aria therefore omitted.

Carl Formes got an encore for Schubert's "Wanderer," rather more from kindness than satisfaction, either with his voice or style of performing it. He reciprocated that compliment with a song to his own accompaniment.

The duet from "La Favorita" having been given that day once instead of that promised by Mlle Poch and Mme. D'Angri, came off like a twice told tale, rather tamely, and neither of the parties to it, Boschetti and Orlandini, appeared to be enthusiastic about its performance, which they gave in quite an unimpassioned manner, as though a mere routine piece were to be done with as little exertion as possible.

Mr. Theodore Thomas played in solo and in obligato with unusual care, finish, and pleasing tone, but Mr. George W. Morgan was evidently not in the vein for his brilliant organ displays.

We understand that the result in a pecuniary point of view was highly satisfactory, proving the sympathy of the public with the occasion, and the estimation in which the recipient of the benefit is held.

THE LAST SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.

Irving Hall was crowded to excess Sunday evening with those eager to see and hear the

very best organ concert. We have seldom noticed such a crowd in that saloon, for every available point had its occupant, either sitting or standing.

Miss Kate McDonald, as on the previous Sunday evening, charmed the public with beauty of voice, smooth execution, style, and purity of method, save in exceptional points, where a sensation was sought to be produced, and her delicate voice driven in rapid strong crescendo beyond its means, when their ears were distressed with palpable departure from the key, so marked in one instance as to startle all present. So charming a singer as she undoubtedly is, can only hazard her remarkable acceptance with the public by such attempts to exploit.

Messrs. Castle and Campbell were in remarkably good voice and fortunate in their execution. Mr. Lumbard suffered from severe hoarseness, and therefore asked to change a difficult song to "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which he gave impressively, despite his evident vocal disability.

Miss Toedt fascinates every public with her admirable mastery of the violin, the ease and grace of her performance, and rare purity of tone invariably obtained. She received her accustomed honors from that audience with graceful acknowledgment.

Mr. G. W. Morgan played with his usual mastery of the organ in all respects. Mr. Wm. R. Johnson, a young organist, made a very favorable impression by his performance of the overture to "Masaniello," and proved that Mr. G. W. Morgan's kind advice has been well considered in organ management. He evidently has studied and practiced closely, and has determined purpose to excel.

This very popular series of Sunday evening concerts, terminated auspiciously for a still more brilliant and popular series, which Mr. Harrison promises in September next, before Irving Hall ceases to be a concert saloon.

TERRACE GARDEN CONCERTS—OPENING NIGHT.

This establishment was opened to the public last Monday night, under the favorable auspices of warm and most pleasant weather. The Garden is divided off into terraces, salons and arbors, open to the fresh air, which comes with a free sweep across the Central Park. The orchestra is ample, and accommodates easily the thirty musicians which form Mr. Thomas's very competent band. Ladies and gentlemen and groups of pretty children, making the most charming family groups, filled all the nooks and corners of this very agreeable summer evening resort.

Mr. Theo. Thomas is not engaged by the proprietors of the Garden, but has assumed the responsibility of the experiment. He knows the universal popularity of these concerts, both in Germany and in Paris, and he determined to see if the same class of entertainments would meet the approbation and supply the wants of the music-loving population of New York who do not rusticate or "do the watering places."

The Concert displayed a happy selection. There was most admirable music, and the classic was happily contrasted with the light and popular. The orchestra is composed of first-class artists, and there will be no substitutes. We shall always hear the same excellent artists, every night improving by constant practice together.

There will be a Concert every evening, and on each occasion the programme will be changed.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

Gentle reader, if you would go through life comfortably, and not make an egregious blunder of yourself, "put not your trust in princes"—nor theatrical advertisements! Three weeks ago Mrs. John Wood announced her farewell appearance prior to her departure for Europe. On Monday of last week she appeared as Bella Wilfer, in Mr. Rowe's dramatization of "Our Mutual Friend!" Don't imagine for one moment that I am grumbling at this—from it; but it merely goes to prove the utter fallacy of putting confidence in the truth of advertisements.

This same dramatization of "Our Mutual Friend" is very clever, and reflects considerable credit on Mr. Rowe. It would appear, at first sight, to be no easy matter to condense a long two volume novel into a play of four acts; but Mr. Rowe has succeeded admirably. The main incidents of the story are retained, and the plot is well developed—the dialogue, to be sure, flags a little here and there; but, to compensate for this, it is in some places really sparkling.

The play is well put on the stage. The "Flashwater Mill Weir" scene being particularly excellent, both artistically and mechanically. The pic-nic scene in the second act is also worthy of favorable notice.

Mrs. Wood's Bella Wilfer is funny—uproariously funny—but perhaps a little bit exaggerated. The truth is that Mrs. Wood is so accustomed to make people laugh that the idea of hearing sentiment from her is something so absurdly ridiculous that you feel inclined to laugh, no matter how seriously and how well the lovely Thalia sentimentalizes.

Miss Kate Newton's Lizzie Hexham is a most delicious piece of acting in every respect. This young lady is improving daily, and will in time rank among our leading actresses.

Miss Glover's Lavinia Wilfer is decidedly bad. The young lady may be a very clever actress, but she certainly displays very little talent in this part, and this is the more noticeable from the fact that there are chances for some very excellent acting in it.

Mrs. Gilbert's Mrs. Wilfer is immensely funny, prim, dignified, and generally ridiculous. A thorough artiste this same Mrs. Gilbert.

Miss Harris, as Mrs. Boffin, gives a lifelike picture of the good-natured, good-hearted wife of the "Golden Dustman."

So much for the ladies; now for the gentlemen. Mr. Albaugh (a new member of the Olympic company) displays a sepulchral voice and some very clever acting. The gentleman is not possessed of very stupendous talent, but, as actors run nowadays, is quite up to the average standard.

Mr. Rowe's Silas Wegg (with a wooden leg) is not good. There is too much sameness in all of this gentleman's personations, and, barring his excellent "make up" and clever management of the "wooden leg," the performance is not noticeable.

Mr. Boniface's Eugene Wrayburn is nicely and quietly played, and—thank the stars!—well dressed.

Mr. Rockwell, as Lightwood, acts and looks like a gentleman, and, as he has little else to do, the performance may be called good.

Mr. Hind, as Mr. Venus, is less ponderous than usual.

Mr. Garrison's Bradley Headstone is sufficiently blood-thirsty and melodramatic to satisfy the most exacting of East side audiences. What a pity it is that by some happy accident Mr. Garri-